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PRESENTS VIOLA SHELDON

# THE WHITE CAT

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "Vivette," "A Little Sister of Destiny," &c.

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#### CHAPTER VII.

We met next morning in the library, for could move alone now, and had gone down early. My hostess, dressed in white duck, was in her most exquisitely gracefut mood, quite the delicate, refined, intense woman I had first known.

"Do you really think that it's safe for you to leave to-day?" she asked when I had announced my intention to her. "I am afraid we shall miss you very much, Mr. Castle. I feel quite as if I had made

"If you do, it more than repays me for ny accident, Miss Fielding. It only remains for you to prove it by permitting

ne to do something for you," She smiled quickly. "Stay here a while nger, then!"

"Ah, you know how glad I'd be to! But I really must get back. I've imposed on your hospitality unconscionably al-

'Oh, well," she turned to the window, "if you're going to pay me the conven-tional compliments, we won't press it."

"If you knew what an immensely un-warranted interest I've begun to take in you, you spare me," I replied.

She held out her hand to me, her grace-

She held out her hand to me, her graceful fingers slightly divergent, exquisitely poised. "Thank you for your gallantry," she said. "You came out of the dark, were literally dumped here, you know, and it has been wonderful that we have understood each other as well as we have." She stayed my interruption with a wave of her hand. 'Oh, I under stand you. I talak, at least well enough
to be sure of you. But let's be frank—
you don't quite understand me yet. You
don't quite approve of me. Nevertheless,
you like me, and we can be friends. It
may indeed be that I shall put you, BELASCO To-night some time, to the test, and give you the chance of proving it. Until that time comes you'll have to stay on the island,

Mr. Castle, I'm afraid."

I saw by these words that she must have forgotten her revelations of the hight before. It didn't seem quite fair not to let her know. So, risking her dis-leasure, I came out with it.

"May I venture to remind you of what ou said last night?" She looked hard at me. "What did I say? What do you mean? About what? We talked of so many things, you know.'s She was embarrassed, on the defensive, watching eagerly my first word of en-

"About your memory," I prompted, "My memory? I don't quite recall-Her lips were parted and her fists closed a little as she waited, about your having amnesia, you

CHRISTY MATHEWSON Her hand went to her heart, "I only mention it," I said, "because I lon't want to take advantage of any ig-The Rosary Is Coming. norance you may have concerning my position—and what I do know. If you have forgotten possibly, I think I ought to tell you, for I can't pretend to be on the island when I am not. It seems to me that oute in spite of myself I've got the control of the work of the control of the work of the control of the work of the control of the con off it. What you said about Dr. Co-

She caught me up now a little wildly, discarding further attempt at evasion. Her face had suddenly grown white. "What did I say?" she asked. "Oh, only that he was treating you for the amnesia," I replied. I couldn't pos-

sibly repeat the rest of it.

She put her hands to her face for a moment, hiding its expression. Then she withdrew them, compressed her lips, and, withdrew them, compressed her lips, and withdrew them. tipping her head back a little, shook it with the old gesture, as if to regain conwith the old gesture, as if to regain control of herself. Then she came up to me and put both her hands on my shoulders. "It isn't your fault, I know, Mr. Castle. But you are off the island, and I'm afraid "Absolutely. In fact, you can trust he with the old gesture, as if to regain control is can't yet judge of such a necessity." "Well, Leah and I will fight it out." "You said once that I could trust Le. But you are off the island, and I'm afraid "Absolutely. In fact, you can trust he "Isn't it really all begun, rather?" I

Her hands dropped to her sides and she ralked away to the window. "Oh, I on't know, I don't know!" she moaned. "You have made me think terrible things. But never mind. I didn't want you to know about me; I hoped we could be friends without I couldn't risk it; I an't risk it now. You mustn't try ind out, you mustn't even wonder. Just little sorry for me-and walt." She sat down in the broad window-seat

and laid her head back for a moment among the silk pillows with a wearied settling of her body, closing her eyes. I didn't know what to say or do, so I did nothing, and was silent. She sat up again, took the crystal prism that still lay there, and gazed into it abstractedly, as if she were seeing visions. Then, still holding it, she looked up at me with a far-away smile. It was a new expression I saw on her face; it had the pathetic ook of some elf lost in a strange, terrible land. At last she said, "Come over here and sit down beside me, please I did so; and, still fendling the prism, which shot prismatic colors into the ADMISSION FREE. ALL WELCOME om, she said, as with great effort: 'Did you ever in your childhood read COSMOS CONTINUOUS the story of the 'White Cat?' It's a fairy

Matinees, 10c; evenings, 10c and 20c, tale, you know.' The name had struck me as familiar SMITH, CHILD & WILLIAMS—The Speedy Trio.

HALL BROS.—Modern Hercules Athletes,
THE RALSTONS—"One and a Half."

DRAKE and MORGAN—A Councily Sketch Team.
AL WILSON—In New Character Songs.
SCHWAB and KNELL—Novelty Musical Act.

The name had struck me as familiar when she used it before, but I could not recall the story.

"It was one of those tales of the three quests, wasn't it?" I said.

"Yes; there are many variations of the

"Yes; there are many variations of the same theme. It is the story of a king CHANGE MONDAY AND THURSDAY. and his three sons. The father decided first to leave his throne to the one who ald find the smallest dog in the w Eagles Will Meet Elks To-night then he gave them another quest-to find a piece of cloth that would go through the eye of a needle. Of course the youngest son won each time, but the king wasn't contented, and for the final test ommanded them to find the most beautiful lady in the world."

And the youngest son won, of course He always does, but he never plays fair. He's always helped by a fairy godmother something."

"Of course. Such are the ethics of merely wipe in hot water. white cat. While he was on his travels 2. Badly sho ne found her eastle in a deep forest, and Vashi gton's Favorite Family Theater.
BEST VAUDEVILLE, PICTURES, AND MUSIC.
PRICES, 10c AND 20c. he was carried in by invisible hands."
"Just like me," I remarked.

She looked at me for a moment with an TEARCADE 14th Street and Park Road N. W. musing expression of surprise, and a timid smile crept to her face. "That's 4. Snipe, woodco so, isn't it? How queer! Why, I'll have never be "drawn." to give you my little Hiawatha, to carry it out, won't I? Will you take him?" SKATING Morning and afternoon sessions, 25c. Evenings, 35c. Couple's Ticket, 50c. it out, won't I? Will you take him?"

"Oh, if you would!" I said. "I'd love to have him. It will be delightful to have something that has belonged to 6. The a slice of fat bacon over the 8:30 to 11:30 p. m. Admission, 25c. Ballroom for rent any evening except Wednesday and Saturday. Apply to Manager.

world, but he's yours."
"And the third quest?" I reminded her. "The third quest was the hardest of all. He came to White Cat's castle again and

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he stayed a year. They had a most delightful time together. "I can understand that. Just as we

Her gaze went down to her feet. "Yes. just as we have had here at Midmead-I reached over and took the prism

from her hand. I couldn't help wanting to touch her, however casually. "And of course—you don't need to tell me—he did find the fairest lady in the whole world." She smiled dimly and clasped her hands. "Thank you," she said, not too absorbed

to pay me most graciously for my com-pliment. Then, more seriously, she added, "Yes, I am the White Cat. That is the way you must think of me when you have gone. The enchanted White Cat!" I dared not answer. All the peculiar moods she had shown me came up for a new vision. So she knew that cometing new vision. So she knew that something was the matter, something of which her amnesia was only a symptom. She had never come so close to it before. I stooped down, took her hand, and car-

ried it to my lips.
"White Cat." I said, "I don't know whether you are enchanted or not, but I know you're enchanting." "Be careful I don't scratch you!" she said, a little bitterly.

"Ah, White Cat never did that, I'm Yes, once, when she was invisible. The prince doubted her. Do you know how it ded?" she asked.

"How? "White Cat told the prince that to destroy the fatal work of the fairles it was necessary for him to cut off her head and her tail and fling them into the fire." She put her hand gently upon mine. "Would you do that for me, if I asked

I puzzled with it. There was something tragle in her tone, but I was quite at a loss to interpret her symbolism.
"Would it ever come to that? Are you likely to call on me?" I asked her. She tipped back her head again, shak-

ing away some unpleasant idea,
"Ah, this is only the first quest, you know. You may never come again to my palace. But would you?" A dreadful meaning came straight from

her eyes to mine, "No; I'm afraid I would not. It would be too terrible!'

She threw off a light laugh and rose and walked to the bookcase beside the chimney. Here she took down an old, tattered, red-covered volume and rapidly turned the pages till she found her place Then she came back to her seat beside me, and pointing to the lines read aloud "'I!' exclaimed the prince. Blanchette my love! I be so barbarous as to kill you! Ah! you would doubtless try my heart; but rest assured it is incapable of forgetting the love and gratitude it owes

do not suspect thee of ingratitude. I know thy worth. It is neither thou not I who in this affair can control our des-tiny. Do as I bid thee. We shall both of us begin to be happy, and, on the faith of a cat of reputation and honor, thou

wilt acknowledge that I am truly thy friend." "But it ended happily like all fairy tales. So will yours, I'm sure," I remarked.

She let the book drop wearily. "It must end some way—why not that?"

I clasped her hand. "You must not think of it, Miss Fielding! It appalis me."

"Well, I won't speak of it again. But I should be glad to have a friend who would help me if worst came to worst." "You forget that, in spite of what I know, I am still on the island, after all.

"You said once that I could trust Leah in everything. Do you still mean that?" "Absolutely. In fact, you can trust her understand? I can't make it too em-

It was almost time to go now, and so, while I went upstairs to see that m things were ready, Miss Fielding and Leah got Hiawatha, fixed a collar chain on him, and put him into the car-riage, highly excited at the prospect of traveling. Leah shook my hand and looked into my eyes with gratitude. Uncle Jerdon drove up to the front door, and I got in beside him and captured the frisky puppy, who proceeded to bite my hand playfully. It had been arranged that I was to send some one down to repair the automobile, and I permitted myself to hope that I might find in that a sufficient excuse to come back myself. So it was not altogether with a feeling of permanent parting that I finally gave my hand to Miss Fielding. "Well, good-by, White Cat," I said as Uncle Jerdon took up the reins. "Good-by, Prince!" she answered, smil-

We drove off, and as we turned into the long lane which led to the highroad I saw the two women standing in the sunshine at the front door and waved a last farewell to them. With all the sinis-ter suggestions that had been crowding

"White Cat, White Cat" was still echoing in my ears. Uncle Jerdon winked at me. "Lord, she's crazy as a loon, ain't

"Do you think so?" I asked coldly "Plum crazy. She ought to be into an asylum, and would be if she had any folks to send her there. But she's a dandy when she's all right, you can bet

I did not encourage him to go on, and for the rest of the way to the station we talked of his rheumatism and the extravagance of his nephew's second wife. TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

Hints About Game.

1. Never wash game, inside or out; merely wipe it with a cloth wrung out 2. Badly shot birds should not be hung

3. The length of time a bird is hung must depend on the weather, the state of the bird, and individual taste. 4. Snipe, woodcock, and plover should Tie the birds, if possible, with string,

breast of each bird to keep it from dry-. Baste all game very thoroughly; oth erwise it will become dry and shriveled. 8. Game, except partridge and pheasant,

usually liked slightly underdone. is especially the case with teal and wild 9. Never pour gravy over game, but serve it separately in a hot tureen. 10. The correct accompaniments to all game are bread sauce, fried crumbs, good

gravy and potatoes fried in any fashion.

ORIFLAMME.

If you had need of me, your call would come— Vivid and strenuous as an oriflamme; But since it comes not, then, it seems to me, You need me most, beloved, where I am.

For you are bosy with so many things; You have no time to break it. Even thus The winter's silence shapes the coming springs.

And yet, I wonder, watching, at my work (I, too, am very busy where I am), Whether you ever guess my need of you, Strenuous and vivid as an oriflamme?

-Ethel M. Hewitt, in Harper's Monthly.



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Materials are plaid back fabrics, made of imported shawls, full length clay serge coats, tailored broadcloth coats, full length; some braided collar and cuffs, others all-over braided; new Polo coats for auto wear, in cedar, navy, and black, with belt; imported mixtures, with velvet collar and cuffs; zibeline coats; full length kerseys, with large shawl collars; some of silk or satin.

All are perfectly tailored, and the materials alone are worth price asked for the completed garment.

# Shopping Suggestions for Holiday Time

By DOROTHY AVERY HOWARD

APESTRIES, which were formerly used only for upholstering furniture and hangings, are now much in demand for trimmings on gowns, wraps, and hats, besides the making of many fancy articles. Some of the smartest novelties for gifts this year include desk sets, waste baskets, workboxes, sewing baskets, glove and handkerchief boxes, opera and slipper bags, made of fancy tapestry. Sometimes it has a thread of gold woven through the fabric and usually the pieces are finished with gold braid. All are importations and may be seen in a display of great variety at a big shop near F and Eleventh streets. ....

N art dealer in F street, be-A tween Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, has a fine exhibit of orthe new colorings and designs brought out this season. Baskets and trays, picture frames, candlesticks, lamps, and other objects of art are decorated, either with relief designs of fruits and flowers in the old gold or bronze gold shades, or in the color of nature. Some new candlesticks, priced as low the most artistic drawing-room lamps seen for many a year are shown, which can be fitted with silk-fringed shades to match the color plan of

MAN'S store in New York ave-A nue, near Fourteenth street, of-fers its patrons a box of a half dozen hose, guaranteed to last for six months, for the low price new ones before the time is up all you have to do is to send the worn ones back to the manufacturers with a coupon for each pair and get a fresh sup-ply at once. Think of the many hours' time this gives to the wife or mother, who has had to darn your hose every week before such a comfortable scheme was devised by the makers of

NSTEAD of sending a Christmas or New Year card this year, some will inclose a dainty hand-painted sachet in a cheery or loving letter to absent friends. I saw such pretty things of this kind the other day in a shop in New York avenue, close to Fifteenth street, where stationery, pletures, calendars, &c., are sold, some of which were oval in shape, decorated with heads of pretty girls, and attached by narrow colored ribbons to little ory rings, making very attractive bookmarks or markers for card games. Other round ones are nice to put in one's handkerchief or neckwear

MONG the novelties in gift boxes, in which an exclusive confectioner of F street, near Twelfth, will put some of his choicest bonbons this Christmas, is one of pale blue satin straw, deco rated with poppies of silk and satin and big ribbon bows to match. It will hold at least five pounds of candy, and makes a most beautiful offering for a debutante in place of the flowers usually sent.

ANY visitors in a well-known Many visitors in a went appearance of the men's clothing store in Pennsylvania avenue, near Ninth street, have remarked on the striking likeness of the manager of the neckwear and furnishing department to the Hoosier poet James Whitcomb Riley. This was noted recently by an out-of-town customer, who chanced in the store to buy a new tie, and later he wrote a story about it for the clothler and furnisher, part of

"The facial likeness of these two men is startling. Each is a leader in his particular line of endeavor, though in vastly different fields. You cannot learn much about the Washington man from himself, but there is much to be learned. He is more than a buyer and a manager; he is also a creator. His window displays have always been a matter of wonder in the Capital City, and he has set a pace in merchandising which leads many of his competitors. One of his latest ideas is a box containing a combination set of necktie and handkerchief, which match in color. The box is covered with a paper made abroad, which is the exact match of the contents, making a most tasty heliday gift."

win maraschino, at 45 cents a jar, and the same kind put up in brandy for \$1.25, are the delicacies recently arrived in a big grocery establishment in Penn-sylvania avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets.

D O YOU want to know where you can buy a lovely silk komono for \$5? I saw a beauty yesterday at a sale of kimonos. laces, and fancy linens, which is now being conducted near the corner of G and Thirteenth streets for the holiday season. It was of pale blue silk strewn all over with a design of butterflies in deeper colors. Other colors with the same design may be had, having the same shirred effect on the shoulders and flowing sleeves with a lace ruffle to form a tight sleeve inside. Some other very handsome styles are shown in silk and flower-bordered satins, as we'll cheaper ones of cotton crepe, in many very pretty patterns.

OME very odd things now shown

in a high-class jewelry establish-ment in F street, near Eleventh, are bronzes from Vienna, which are also very artistic. They are different from what one sees usually, and unless one knew they were Viennese productions it would be natural to suppose they came from the Orient, judging from some of the subjects portrayed. Egyptian scenes, or Arabs crossing the desert with their camel caravans, resting under the shade of the palms when the oasis proves real instead of the mirage they have been following so long; an Arab girl, holding in leash two mastiffs, which seem like wild animals in their strengththese and other unique things are noticed, some of them being designed electroliers with Oriental silk

SHOP in Fourteenth street A around the corner from 1 can sylvania avenue, is showing some very attractive novelties in carved leather, which are dyel in colors. As the dye and the stain used are both of a vegatable nature, they will not wear off. The designs and colorings are very artistic. ture frame which hangs on the wall, a mat for a polished table, or other things equally as pretty in this leather are as different from the ordi-nary hand-tooled articles as a cheap print is comparable to an engraving

Cold Cream Bath. From the Detroit Tribune.

The woman who wishes to freshen herself up in the shortest possible time and to feel as sense of invigoration after a ong motor or train journey, should follow the example of the Frenchwoman In ten minutes a Frenchwoman can truly rejuvenate herself. And her methods are of the simplest.

and gives it to the hotel maid to brush. Then she dips a towel in cold cream or white vaseline and gently rubs her face, neck, and arms with it. After this she saturates a corner of the towel with eau de cologne and water and removes the cold cream. Finally a rinsing of cold water is given

After a thorough drying with a soft towel a dust of powder is applied to the face, eck, and hands, and the dust-stained traveler is a new being.

If there is time the feet are also

sprayed and powered, for there is noth-ing which so refreshes one. Then an application of a spray filled with eau de cologne to the hair will remove all the

It takes very little time to accomplish all this. It is very hygienic for the skin, and the traveler emerges a radiant creature, with softly glowing complexion, the fatigues of a long journey.

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